

For you, a long time ago

I'm watering my flowers.
Curator of my own shiny things,
I've labored for hours.

pointless, pointless, worthless
Still,
Watering my flowers.

I'm collecting rubbish for a celebration.
Five year plans, we're high in demand.
I've bled in the soil, warm,
dripping, through the cracks in my hands.

I'm watering my flowers,
Bundles of rusty strings.
fantasy, fantasy, forever alone

still,
dreaming in flowers,
writing in ink,
swimming in mountain streams,
bathing in love, it would seem
drowning in melodies up to my neck
forever □ *forever-ever, forever-ever?*

I see a beautiful garden.
I see goats and kids and kids and men
and women and boys and girls and
me and you and I in love and free
and happy and sad and never ever
quitting singing dancing loving
growing glowing loving singing
loving learning loving loving and most of all,
stopping,
and smelling the flowers I picked
for you, a long time ago

Babylon

I stand on Your shores
Knowing there is more,
Yet nothing I want but
Your golden brown sand
Against the black horizon
With silver moon above all.
The mountain Zion waits for me
Across your waning sea,
Yet content am I with
You, Babylon,
The way You speak to me.
No sound I hear,
Nor touch do I feel,
But palm trees swaying
In the breeze.
I sleep in the shade
Of Your golden storehouses
Full of provisions
And sweet desires.
I need not taste Your wine
To marvel at its precious sting.
The atmosphere is drunk from
Your love: unexpectedly meek and chaste.
I know, one day,
All will be new.
Yet forever you, Babylon,
My first love,
Zion I'd know not,
If Babylon I never knew.

The Lavender Nymph

they're talking about ginger shots,
I'm trying to meditate,
they're screaming about ginger shots,
I'm trying to concentrate,
they're talking too loud,
it's time we celebrate,
in the quiet of crowds,
in the solace of chimes,
in the space of rhythm,
in the rhythm of rhyme,
amidst rivers of thyme,
in fields of clove,
wrapped in the lavender nymphs
sweet summer ode.
there were no cars,
you had to walk,
there were no songs,
you had to talk,
there were no wrongs but one
under that holy son.
there was one,
there was one.
the honeysuckle takes me back to second grade,
i peed my pants during a spelling test.
i peed my pants during a spelling test.
i went to Cracker Barrel and ate French toast,
i had a coffee with five creams and five sugars,
i didn't hear the sirens' song back then,
mere hallucinations in the deceitful hearts of men,
casting blame to escape shame.
the lavender nymph carries a sword with a blade of pure diamond.
she harms no one.
pure diamond.
no one.
i'm trying to meditate,
but not to escape,
my goal is for no one to see me but see only light.
pure diamond.
no one.

i'm singing Whitney with a cup in my hand,
predisposition
circling like sharks,
my cells mean no harm to my brain
how i feign,
wish to sing,
let it rain,
let it ring.
pure diamond.
there was one.
there was one.
they're talking about wheatgrass.
i'm thankful for green grass,
brown grass,
yellow grass,
i remembered the complications of killing grass,
venomous rainbows under my command,
life is no more with the swift of my hand.
in the thick of the bush a lavender nymph told me it was nice to see me.
i killed her kin,
she gave me a hug.
in a flash of pink and yellow light
i transformed into a purple-red ladybug.
no one would kill me like a mosquito or a fly,
they simply say, *hello*,
go ahead fly away now.
I fly
up, up, up.
a dandelion bird catches me before i melt my wings,
I tell her my wings are diamond surely I won't melt,
though wiser than i she leaves me to my pride,
my wings of white gold dissolve above the clouds,
go ahead, said the giant at the top of the beanstalk.
i fly
down, down, down.
before i hit the ground
i am a man again.
where the lavender nymph once stood
i see a wilting purple flower.
my sin, oh, my sin.

Oysters and Pearls

It seems to have options is a curse.
Not that I am at some liberty to choose,
But the illusion of freedom is pervasive.

I wish it were so that fate would let know
Me what exactly is in store for my future.
Yet, this illusion of freedom is persuasive,

*Have one, have all, no remorse in your fall, just
Pep
In your step.*

*Have two, have three, dear God if it were me
Up there in the sky,
I'd make it very clear
For all the boys and girls
The soul they so need
To turn oysters to pearls.*

But I am that lowly creature
Screaming at the sky,

I wish I were ugly, to feel less control
I wish I were stronger, to feel less a fool
I wish the grass was greener.

Go rue, go figure.

Am I making an ass of myself
With this poem I give to you?

This unrequited love,
This pearl we never knew,
From an oyster so sharp,
Of a hazy white hue,
Perfect in form,
Still and smooth.

My science misconstrued,
My sentiments overdue,
Forgive the childish imagery
I never outgrew.

Now as I look back
On a life so successful,
I wish I had settled
For not quite enough.

For we none are enough
To satisfy each other.

Consider the moon,
The sun's distant lover.

How marvelous a pair
Those two in the mornings,
Or at night taking shifts
To give earth her lights.

But God made stars
To give the moon more,
And trees to the sun
Granting purpose evermore.

Am I making a case for infidelity? No!
But only to say that we are not enough.

So, settle.

Settle for the ocean you know little about.
Explore her depths with no guilt in your mouth.
For you and her are one
Like the moon and the sun...

...It's coming together now.

The stars are your children
Who will long outlive you.
The trees are your handiwork
Which will far outgive you.

Against all wonders in the universe
The ocean may seem a mere pond,
But I needn't tell you she's
More than you can handle,

So settle
For that sea
Made just for you.

She will heal your scars,
And float your fears far away.
She will listen to your tears,
And your secrets never say.

So, swim
Foolish Ulysses.
The sirens will not tempt you,
As long as you listen
To that pure ocean's song.

As her melody unfurls,
Maybe even you
Will from oysters make pearls.

Of Forgetting

I wish I could draw the tree line,
As to never forget her.
Whether charred or snowy,
Her countenance resonates through the hills.

In violent fall or graceful spring,
For lack of leaves or abundance thereof,
She compels even the muses
To sing.

Why draw, you ask, well
A photograph is not enough,
Because a photograph is
Never truly yours to create,

Maybe keep, never make.
All photographs really
Belong to the light.

I try to draw her
Complexity on a page,
And every time, I come down
To a muted skyline.

No yellow fields
Humbly at her feet.
Just electric bills,
Small windows,
And people to meet.

My hand shakes at
Every curve of her hillside.
I throw away the pages
Again and again.

I'll never draw the tree line,
Her beauty too much for
Paper and pen.

So, I suppose
I'll simply stare
From head to foot
All my days until
I stand no chance
Of forgetting.